

ELEGIACK VERSES

UPON THE

DEATH

OF

Captain THOMAS HARMAN,

Late Commander of His Majesties Frigate, The SAPHIRE,

As they were Presented to

His Royall Highnesse.

AH *Mighty Prince!* the Fatal News is come!
 HARMAN, your brave Commander's in his Tomb!
 That Man of War, in Peace at *Tangier* lies,
 Crown'd with your Love, stuck full of Victories,
 Which your great Favours had begot in him;
 Since You were pleas'd his Actions to Esteem.

Whilst Speckl'd Envy on her Liver feeds:
 Fame hath took care, to blazon-out his Deeds,
 And to Engrave Them in the Book of fate,
 (Where his great Name for ever lyes in State:)
 Which, when by future Ages shall be read,
 Will make the Living emulate the Dead.
 The *Dutch-man!* and the *Boome!* those Acts alone
 Caus'd *Spain* to wonder, and *Argier* to groan!
 The *Argereens* successfully he fought,
 And from the Mouth of Danger Conquests brought.
 All full of Wounds, He laid his Trophies down,
 Rested his weary Limbs—

Beneath the Shadow of *Great Britain's Crown*.
 Whose Sacred Influence inspir'd him more,
 Than all his Victories had done before.

Thus, in soft Peace he breath'd a while, and then
 As a fierce *Tiger* leaps upon his Prey,
 Even so our Champion, he rous'd up agen,
 And thorow Clouds of Fire cut his way!
 His Sword like Lightening did penetrate!
 But who is't alwaies can withstand his Fate?
 It was decreed: And he at last did fall;
 Fell as a sturdy Oak by Thunder struck,
 Which round about it does endanger All.
 So fell his Body, but the gallant Soul,
 By Virtue of its Power, did upwards rowle
Lawson, Minns, Sprag, and many more beside,
 As soon as They the lab'ring soul esp'd,
 Lett down their Beams, and pointed out the Way,
 To the bright Mansions of *Eternal Day*.
 Ah *Royal Sir!* we all your Loss deplore;
 Our very souls are full of grief all ore.
 Oh that we cou'd—
 Redeem his Life with tears of Blood!
 But 'tis in vain, our Wishes flag behind,
 We are *All Earth*, and He above *All Mind*:
 It is in You, *Great Sir*, in spite of Fates,
 To make the *Saphire* Sovereign of the Straights.